MOTHER EARTH

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TRUTH

The Things which Are grow dim beneath mine eyes.
For, lo! within the heavenly blue afar,
Burning upon the verge of the arched skies,
I see the throne of Truth, a shining star.
How distant far thou art, star-guarded Truth;
How weary and immeasurable the way.
Devourer of the morning-visioned youth,
Hast thou no pity for each weak assay?
See, the long path to thee is white with bones,
Dim-stretching to the mists of eldest years;
Scaffolds creak, forest-thick, near gilded thrones.
The dark black space to thee is filled with groans,
And thy pale lilies watered with salt tears.
Thy earthly temple is a charnel house,
Piled high with corpses of the good and great.
The brave who swear to thee their heart-blood vows,
Thou dost abandon to their bitter fate.
Why should man serve thee, Truth, who art so cold?
So thorny thy steep path; thy guerdon, death.
Thy sunrise-brow grows never, never old,
Nor ever in thine eyes light withereth;
But all thy bridegrooms kiss the dungeon-wall
And lie upon the narrow coach alone.
Thou heedest not the last imploring call
Of those who cry unto thine ears of stone.
How canst thou for the agonies atone
Of those who wed thee and despairing fall?
Thick as the starry mists of regal Night,
The ghosts of thy dead lovers sadly throng.

We see the pale effulgence of their light;
We hear their cry, "How long, O, Truth, how long?
"How long the bloody sacrifice to Might,
The bloody triumph of eternal wrong?"
O, when shall Heaven hear the day-dawn song
Of men, angelic, glorified by Right?
All brothers, all at peace, all free, and each
Budding in thought and deed as spring trees bloom.
All men divinely free in act and speech;
The State abolished. No more Power to doom
Souls to the gallows for their soaring thought.
No power to rob the toilers of their due;
No slaves to laws by gold and cunning bought;
No pits of Hell where sink the over-wrought;
No trampling down the Many for the Few.
Not wan-chested Poverty where Plenty smiles;
Not degradation of the mother-breast;
But Nature shall her children all beguile
Through happy Freedom into endless rest.
This is thy promise and eternal lure,
The pure white blaze which dazzles 'round thy throne:
Truth, Truth alone, can make Man's freedom sure.
Man shall possess his soul by Truth alone.
And what is Truth? It is the harmony
With all the suns and Nature's endless plan.
That which is part of all eternity.
It is that each one soul shall be all free;
Each free soul bear the destiny of Man.
Thou hast decreed that they who thee would serve
Must earn the nighthood of eternal Time.
Unto death faithful; never once to swerve
From thy steep path which leads to heights sublime.
Strong to clasp hands, deep in the nameless grave
With that great host who through eternity
Have died that other men might be more free;
Have kissed pale Death the unborn souls to save.
See how the dim battalions crowd the air,
Rolling upon us like a ghostly flood;
The million million victims of Despair
Far down the way of agony and blood
Unto our day. Our day of lust and gold.
Our Pride of Ignorance. Our ruthless Power.
The Slave is still for paltry wages sold,

The State still wreaks Injustice manifold,
And Moloch is our god unto this hour.
How little of us can the Hangman take.
Death is Man's heritage and cometh soon.
Who would not his Earth-exit gladly make
To know his death would give the deathless boon
Of Freedom to the chained and toiling race?
His name forever take its skyey place
Among the stars which pale not night or noon.
O, Truth, of hidden face, I know thee now;
Though thou abidest in the outer sky,
I, too, would be thy bridegroom, make thy vow;
For thy cold kiss ecstatically to die.
I see the conquest and the waving palms;
I hear the shouting of glad victory;
The Earth assailing the glad sky with psalms,
The paeans of mankind made wholly free.
The Earth a Mother, free unto her brood;
Not anywhere a law to give command.
The only law, Love for the Common Good;
And a great fragrance over all the land.
Woe and Oppression, Poverty, all fled;
The little children happy in their birth;
Love free, the purest of the godlihead;
Creator of free gods in a free Earth.
The whole wide earth a garden of great song
Where Freedom dwells, and banished every wrong.
Thy breast with all thy lovers' blood is red;
Thou comest through the gateway of the dead.
Thy way we still with bleeding feed must tread.
But, O, thy promise thou wilt not deny.
Thy smile illumes the vaulted sky afar.
Thou bright, bright meteor of our darkened sky.
Thou light eternal, blazing like a star.
Gods die; thrones fall; and heaven-kissing towers
Melt like a vision. All the Things that Are
Pass down the quick procession of the hours.
The Things which Are, are not; the ages fly;
But thou alone, O, Truth, canst never die.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

ANARCHISM is no hypocritical scheme. It cannot dupe man in the manner of political parties which pretend to be the saviors of society, promising to do wonders if the good people will only give them their confidence and their votes. The Anarchists have the far higher and nobler mission of making the people realize that neither this nor that government or party can do ought for their salvation, and that the sole help lies in their own revolutionary insight and energy.

But this Anarchism *can* do: it can expose the bankruptcy, the dissolution, of existing institutions, and demonstrate how the tendencies growing from this bankruptcy work along the lines of the realization of the Anarchistic ideal. There is no end of material in every phase of human life to point this lesson.

* * *

GOVERNMENT by violence, "legal" and illegal, was again the keynote of events during recent weeks. In Auburn, N. Y., many workmen have been shot down: a number of them wounded, some dying. The Paterson, N. J., jails are filled with strikers and pickets, who had previously been brutally beaten by the police; general prohibition against all labor meetings; arbitrary police arrest and sentence of six months for Haywood and Lessig, the I. W. W. organizers, to satisfy the mill-owners' thirst for revenge against the hated agitators. At the same time the trial of the Little Falls strikers is taking place in Herkimer, N. Y.

The proceedings in the latter city especially have brought to light numerous proofs of the murderous character of the police, particularly of Chief Long, who is admittedly in the habit of brutally assaulting defenseless prisoners. But it is not Long or his Cossacks that are thrown into prison. It is Filippe Bocchini, the striker, whom the evidence of perjured detectives dooms for many years to the penitentiary.

It is true, in Paterson the higher court ordered the release of Haywood and Lessig, discharging also over 200 pickets. But the official rowdies and cut-throats go scot free. Nothing happens to them, and they continue their Hessian work. If the laws and the constitution

really meant justice and impartial protection for all, then Chief Bimson, Mayor McBride, and their plug-uglies would now be safe behind the bars.

* * *

IN West Virginia the masters have discovered an ingenious plan to nullify the slightest tendency on the part of the civil courts to be lenient with arrested strikers. As we have mentioned in a former issue, martial law has been proclaimed in that State, and military tribunals will deal out "justice" to the strikers.

Meanwhile a new Governor has assumed office, a progressive light from whom some reformer-mollusks have been hoping impartiality and fair play. They were quickly disillusioned. The Governor made a tour through the coal region of the State, during which he had an opportunity to see at first hand the squalor and misery in which the miners are forced to live and the slavery endured by them. The result was—the Governor issued a proclamation in which he declared martial law justified and necessary in that region, and ordered the suppression of the agitators and disturbers, who alone are responsible, in the Governor's opinion, for the labor troubles in his State.

After all, it is the mission of government and its representatives to preserve conditions in *statu quo*, and to war against everything that menaces their continued existence. They are blind who appeal from the capitalist devil to his governmental mother-in-law.

* * *

IN a criticism of the courts, published in the San Francisco *Star* by Professor Reed of California University, the keynote of the author's viewpoint is given in this paragraph:

> Courts are respected where justice is done—where the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, are given equal rights, without fear or favor on the part of the judges.

It is not amiss to remark in this connection that such courts have never existed in all history. The poor have never yet had equal rights. Their poverty is the inexhaustible source of the injustice which they are made to suffer on every hand. Justice can result only from equality, and equality will be established only when poverty is abolished.

KING GEORGE of Greece came to Salonica to celebrate the mass-murder of the Balkan war, and to play the rôle of the political Providence selected by a bloodthirsty Christian God as the instrument to exterminate as many Turks as possible. On that occasion the bullet of Aleko Schinas found the royal man-killer's heart.

The deed was a protest against the horrors of war, against the sacrifice of ever greater numbers on the altar of the golden calf for the enrichment of politicians and speculators.

One of these parasitic speculators was King George himself. In his greedy soul, constantly lusting for more pelf, he was perhaps already counting the profits that the war was throwing off into his coffers. Through the towns and villages of Greece stalked Misery, its claws sharpened by the war. But that did not prevent the King from "saving up" a fortune of twenty million dollars. He possessed more than millions of his subjects put together; even in monarchial circles of Europe, he was considered an extremely despicable character, who would stoop to the shabbiest methods to satisfy his hunger for gold.

But the heart of Wall Street beats in the great international press, and therefore Aleko Schinas was immediately branded a degenerate by the prostitutes of the pen. But all the facts known about the man point to the very contrary view. Schinas was a man of independent thought and character, and therefore an undesirable in the eyes of the Greek government, at whose hands he was made to suffer much persecution. For years he was active as a social revolutionist among the proletariat of Greece, later founding a libertarian Modern School in Volo, where he spread the hope and the vision of a better and nobler humanity. But following the bloody example of Spain, the authorities of Greece suppressed Schinas' school.

Hearts that beat in unison with Wall Street may mourn the death of the usurer on the Greek throne. But those that feel the fire of the larger social justice find some consolation in the proof that such monsters as King George, and the robber system they represent, are after all not immortal. They have founded their dan-

gerous existence entirely on violence; and if they now and then taste a drop of their own medicine,—well, they reap a little fruit from the seed they themselves have sown.

* * *

THE Democratic party was cunning enough to make the high cost of living its main issue in the recent presidential campaign. But now that the party is in the saddle, it has very little to say about the matter.

The new régime has its hands full with more important things. First of all it must satisfy 130,000 Democratic office seekers in order to strengthen its machinery for future work. Aside from that, what really vital could the government do in the matter of the high cost of living?

Expropriate the monopolists of the food supply? O no! For property is sacred, even if it is stolen property.

Abolish the commission houses, and the middleman trade, that at once rob the producer and the consumer? But that is impossible, for what would then become of free competition?

Cut profits by laws? Can't "be did." For the laws are for the purpose of safeguarding profit and interest. Besides, where does "honest," legal profit cease, and where does it begin to be criminal and immoral; at 6 per cent. or at 16 per cent., at 60 or 600 per cent.? For surely none would dare attack profit itself, as an institution, except the Anarchistic-minded.

In this situation, the politicians are entirely satisfied with making much ado about the quite insignificant question of tariff reform. The show will hold the attention of the public while the cost of living rises higher and life is made even more difficult for the people.

* * *

AMONG the many proposals to stamp out, root and branch, the white slave traffic, no mention is made of the fact that dominant morality is as much of a procurer for prostitution as are the existing economic conditions. This morality proscribes young people from having sexual intercourse, unless they are economically able to marry and support a family. From such "moral demands" results one of the strongest motives for prostitution. The number of young men unable to provide

for a wife and family is constantly growing larger, and as the sex instinct is the strongest in man, there remains for a great many no way out except prostitution.

Indeed, in the very name of a higher morality it would be advisable to place no obstacle in the way of the sex life of young people, except to advise them to postpone parenthood till economic prospects improve, so that their children may be born into a better world.

But the very thought of such a suggestion is enough to make the hair of the reformers stand on end. They deal only in obscurities and patent cures for the inevitable results of false morality and economic dependence.

* * *

THE men sentenced in La Sante prison, Paris, to be guillotined—and who are referred to by the international burgeois press as the "automobile bandits"—are revolutionists-actionists of the type of Pini and Ravachol. Whatever one's attitude toward their activities, it is beyond doubt that such men, who refuse to subject themselves to the organized barbarism of our social life, will continue to make their appearance. To them well applies the saying of Nietzsche that "criminals are strong men driven by the wretchedness of conditions into a dangerous zone."

One of these men, Lacombe, committed suicide in jail. His act aroused the fear of the authorities that the other condemned men will cheat the executioner, whereupon our comrades were strapped and bound in strait-jackets. According to last reports this barbarous mode of punishment had to be discontinued, because Dieudonne—one of the condemned, though apparently he is quite innocent of the charges—threatened to commit suicide by starvation rather than undergo any longer the horror of the strait-jacket torture.

How zealously civilized government guards its prey, that it may swallow it alive!

Whatever position the burgeois-minded may take regarding the "automobile bandits," revolutionists at least may be expected to show understanding and appreciation of men like our condemned Paris comrades. In these days of stupid adoration of the Moloch of the Law, and of the almost total paralysis of bold daring and manhood, it is encouraging to see men with red

blood in their veins defy the established idols that make for slavery and general degradation. In the spirit of our comrades in the La Sante prison lies, to a great extent, the hope of the Social Revolution.

* * *

IT is noteworthy that William Jennings Bryan, one of the mouldy idols of even some radicals, initiated his career as Secretary of State by a solemn protest against the proposed amnesty of political prisoners in Cuba.

As petty, reactionary, and shabby has been his attitude toward the protest made to him against the torture by forcible feeding to which Miss Emerson, an American suffragette, was subjected in an English prison. Of course, the Emerson influence was not very strong in Washington. An absconding banker with a long political pull would have found a more sympathetic ear in Mr. Bryan.

Our radical friends who worshipped at the shrine of the glib-tongued Nebraskan will now have to fashion for themselves another Baal.

* * *

THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIANITY

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

THE counterfeiters and poisoners of ideas in their attempt to obscure the line between truth and falsehood, find a valuable ally in the conservatism of language.

Conceptions and words that have long ago lost their original meaning, continue through centuries to dominate mankind. Especially is this true if these conceptions have become a common-place, if they have been instilled in our beings from our infancy as great and irrefutable verities. The average mind is easily content with inherited and acquired things, or with the dicta of parents and teachers, because it is much easier to imitate than to create.

Our age has given birth to two intellectual giants, who have undertaken to transvalue the dead social and moral values of the past, especially those contained in Christianity. Friedrich Nietzsche and Max Stirner have hurled blow upon blow against the portals of Christianity, because they saw in it a pernicious slave morality,

the denial of life, the destroyer of all the elements that make for strength and character. True, Nietzsche has opposed the slave-morality idea inherent in Christianity in behalf of a master morality for the privileged few. But I venture to suggest that his master idea had nothing to do with the vulgarity of station, caste, or wealth. Rather did it mean the masterful in human possibilities, the masterful in man that would help him to overcome old traditions and worn-out values, so that he may learn to become the creator of new and beautiful things.

Both Nietzsche and Stirner saw in Christianity the leveler of the human race, the breaker of man's will to dare and to do. They saw in every movement built on Christian morality and ethics attempts not at the emancipation from slavery, but for the perpetuation thereof. Hence they opposed these movements with might and main.

Whether I do or do not entirely agree with these iconoclasts, I believe, with them, that Christianity is most admirably adapted to the training of slaves, to the perpetuation of a slave society; in short, to the very conditions confronting us to-day. Indeed, never could society have degenerated to its present appalling stage, if not for the assistance of Christianity. The rulers of the earth have realized long ago what potent poison inheres in the Christian religion. That is the reason they foster it; that is why they leave nothing undone to instill it into the blood of the people. They know only too well that the subtleness of the Christian teachings is a more powerful protection against rebellion and discontent than the club or the gun.

No doubt I will be told that, though religion is a poison and institutionalized Christianity the greatest enemy of progress and freedom, there is some good in Christianity "itself." What about the teachings of Christ and early Christianity, I may be asked; do they not stand for the spirit of humanity, for right and justice?

It is precisely this oft-repeated contention that induced me to choose this subject, to enable me to demonstrate that the abuses of Christianity, like the abuses of government, are conditioned in the thing itself, and are not to be charged to the representatives of the creed. Christ and his teachings are the embodiment of submis-

sion, of inertia, of the denial of life; hence responsible for the things done in their name.

I am not interested in the theological Christ. Brilliant minds like Bauer, Strauss, Renan, Thomas Paine, and others refuted that myth long ago. I am even ready to admit that the theological Christ is not half so dangerous as the ethical and social Christ. In proportion as science takes the place of blind faith, theology loses its hold. But the ethical and poetical Christ-myth has so thoroughly saturated our lives, that even some of the most advanced minds find it difficult to emancipate themselves from its yoke. They have rid themselves of the letter, but have retained the spirit; yet it is the spirit which is back of all the crimes and horrors committed by orthodox Christianity. The Fathers of the Church can well afford to preach the gospel of Christ. It contains nothing dangerous to the régime of authority and wealth; it stands for self-denial and self-abnegation, for penance and regret, and is absolutely inert in the face of every dignity, every outrage imposed upon mankind.

Here I must revert to the counterfeiters of ideas and words. So many otherwise earnest haters of slavery and injustice confuse, in a most distressing manner, the teachings of Christ with the great struggles for social and economic emancipation. The two are irrevocably and forever opposed to each other. The one necessitates courage, daring, defiance, and strength. The other preaches the gospel of non-resistance, of slavish acquiescence in the will of others; it is the complete disregard of character and self-reliance, and therefore destructive of liberty and well-being.

Whoever sincerely aims at a radical change in society, whoever strives to free humanity from the scourge of dependence and misery, must turn his back on Christianity, on the old as well as the present form of the same.

Everywhere and always, since its very inception, Christianity has turned the earth into a vale of tears; always it has made of life a weak, diseased thing, always it has instilled fear in man, turning him into a dual being, whose life energies are spent in the struggle between body and soul. In decrying the body as something evil, the flesh as the tempter to everything that is sinful, man has muti-

lated his being in the vain attempt to keep his soul pure, while his body rotted away from the injuries and tortures inflicted upon it.

The Christian religion and morality extols the glory of the Hereafter, and therefore remains indifferent to the horrors of the earth. Indeed, the idea of self-denial and of all that makes for pain and sorrow, is its test of human worth, its passport to the entry into heaven.

The poor are to own heaven, and the rich will go to hell. That may account for the desperate efforts of the rich to make hay while the sun shines, to get as much out of the earth as they can: to wallow in wealth and superfluity, to tighten their iron hold on the blessed slaves, to rob them of their birthright, to degrade and outrage them every minute of the day. Who can blame the rich if they revenge themselves on the poor, for now is their time, and the merciful Christian God alone knows how ably and completely the rich are doing it.

And the poor? They cling to the promise of the Christian heaven, as the home for old age, the sanitarium for crippled bodies and weak minds. They endure and submit, they suffer and wait, until every bit of self-respect has been knocked out of them, until their bodies become emaciated and withered, and their spirit broken from the wait, the weary endless wait for the Christian heaven.

* * *

Christ made his appearance as the leader of the people, the redeemer of the Jews from Roman dominion; but the moment he began his work, he proved that he had no interest in the earth, in the pressing immediate needs of the poor and the disinherited of his time. What he preached was a sentimental mysticism, obscure and confused ideas lacking originality and vigor.

When the Jews, according to the gospels, withdrew from Jesus, when they turned him over to the cross, they may have been bitterly disappointed in him who promised them so much and gave them so little. He promised joy and bliss in another world, while the people were starving, suffering, and enduring before his very eyes.

It may also be that the sympathy of the Romans, especially of Pilate, was given Christ because they re-

garded him as perfectly harmless to their power and sway. The philosopher Pilate may have considered Christ's "eternal truths" as pretty anaemic and lifeless, compared with the array of strength and force they attempted to combat. The Romans, strong and unflinching as they were, must have laughed in their sleeves over the man who talked repentance and patience, instead of calling to arms against the despoilers and oppressors of his people.

The public career of Christ begins with the edict, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Why repent, why regret, in the face of something that was supposed to bring deliverance? Had not the people suffered and endured enough; had they not earned their right to deliverance by their suffering? Take the Sermon on the Mount, for instance. What is it but a eulogy on submission to fate, to the inevitability of things?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Heaven must be an awfully dull place if the poor in spirit live there. How can anything creative, anything vital, useful and beautiful come from the poor in spirit? The idea conveyed in the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest indictment against the teachings of Christ, because it sees in the poverty of mind and body a virtue, and because it seeks to maintain this virtue by reward and punishment. Every intelligent being realizes that our worst curse is the poverty of the spirit; that it is productive of all evil and misery, of all the injustice and crimes in the world. Every one knows that nothing good ever came or can come of the poor in spirit; surely never liberty, justice, or equality.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

What a preposterous notion! What incentive to slavery, inactivity, and parasitism! Besides, it is not true that the meek can inherit anything. Just because humanity has been meek, the earth has been stolen from it.

Meekness has been the whip, which capitalism and governments have used to force man into dependency, into his slave position. The most faithful servants of the State, of wealth, of special privilege, could not preach a more convenient gospel than did Christ, the "redeemer" of the people.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled."

But did not Christ exclude the possibility of righteousness when he said, "The poor ye have always with you?" But, then, Christ was great on dicta, no matter if they were utterly opposed to each other. This is nowhere demonstrated so strikingly as in his command, "Render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

The interpreters claim that Christ had to make these concessions to the powers of his time. If that be true, this single compromise was sufficient to prove, down to this very day, a most ruthless weapon in the hands of the oppressor, a fearful lash and relentless tax-gatherer, to the impoverishment, the enslavement, and degradation of the very people for whom Christ is supposed to have died. And when we are assured that "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled," are we told the how? How? Christ never takes the trouble to explain that. Righteousness does not come from the stars, nor because Christ willed it so. Righteousness grows out of liberty, of social and economic opportunity and equality. But how can the meek, the poor in spirit, ever establish such a state of affairs?

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven."

The reward in heaven is the perpetual bait, a bait that has caught man in an iron net, a strait-jacket which does not let him expand or grow. All pioneers of truth have been, and still are, reviled; they have been, and still are, persecuted. But did they ask humanity to pay the price? Did they seek to bribe mankind to accept their ideas? They knew too well that he who accepts a truth because of the bribe, will soon barter it away to a higher bidder.

Good and bad, punishment and reward, sin and penance, heaven and hell, as the moving spirit of the Christ-gospel have been the stumbling-block in the world's work. It contains everything in the way of orders and commands, but entirely lacks the very things we need most.

The worker who knows the cause of his misery, who understands the make-up of our iniquitous social and industrial system can do more for himself and his kind than Christ and the followers of Christ have ever done for humanity; certainly more than meek patience, ignorance, and submission have done.

How much more ennobling, how much more beneficial is the extreme individualism of Stirner and Nietzsche than the sick-room atmosphere of the Christian faith. If they repudiate altruism as an evil, it is because of the example contained in Christianity, which set a premium on parasitism and inertia, gave birth to all manner of social disorders that are to be cured with the preachment of love and sympathy.

Proud and self-reliant characters prefer hatred to such sickening artificial love. Not because of any reward does a free spirit take his stand for a great truth, nor has such a one ever been deterred because of fear of punishment.

"Think not that I come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

Precisely. Christ was a reformer, ever ready to patch up, to fulfill, to carry on the old order of things; never to destroy and rebuild. That may account for the fellow-feeling all reformers have for him.

Indeed, the whole history of the State, Capitalism, and the Church proves that they have perpetuated themselves because of the idea "I come not to destroy the law." This is the key to authority and oppression. Naturally so, for did not Christ praise poverty as a virtue; did he not propagate non-resistance to evil? Why should not poverty and evil continue to rule the world?

Much as I am opposed to every religion, much as I think them an imposition upon, and crime against, reason and progress, I yet feel that no other religion had done so much harm or has helped so much in the enslavement of man as the religion of Christ.

Witness Christ before his accusers. What lack of dignity, what lack of faith in himself and in his own ideas! So weak and helpless was this "Saviour of Men" that he must needs the whole human family to pay for him, unto all eternity, because he "hath died for them." Redemption through the Cross is worse than damnation,

because of the terrible burden it imposes upon humanity, because of the effect it has on the human soul, fettering and paralyzing it with the weight of the burden exacted through the death of Christ.

Thousands of martyrs have perished, yet few, if any, of them have proved so helpless as the great Christian God. Thousands have gone to their death with greater fortitude, with more courage, with deeper faith in their ideas than the Nazarene. Nor did they expect eternal gratitude from their fellow-men because of what they endured for them.

Compared with Socrates and Bruno, with the great martyrs of Russia, with the Chicago Anarchists, Francisco Ferrer, and unnumbered others, Christ cuts a poor figure indeed. Compared with the delicate, frail Spiridonova who underwent the most terrible tortures, the most horrible indignities, without losing faith in herself or her cause, Jesus is a veritable nonentity. They stood their ground and faced their executioners with unflinching determination, and though they, too, died for the people, they asked nothing in return for their great sacrifice.

Verily, we need redemption from the slavery, the deadening weakness, and humiliating dependency of Christian morality.

The teachings of Christ and of his followers have failed because they lacked the vitality to lift the burdens from the shoulders of the race; they have failed because the very essence of that doctrine is contrary to the spirit of life, exposed to the manifestations of nature, to the strength and beauty of passion.

Never can Christianity, under whatever mask it may appear—be it New Liberalism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, New Thought, or a thousand and one other forms of hysteria and neurasthenia—bring us relief from the terrible pressure of conditions, the weight of poverty, the horrors of our iniquitous system. Christianity is the conspiracy of ignorance against reason, of darkness against light, of submission and slavery against independence and freedom; of the denial of strength and beauty, against the affirmation of the joy and glory of life.

THERE IS NO PEACE

By ROSS WINN.

THE class struggle between labor and capital becomes more bitter and strenuous, and the signs of the times portend an approaching crisis. The efforts of the Socialists to transfer the class struggle from the economic to the political field has not been successful. Organized labor has learned the futility of the ballot, and more and more the workers realize from experience that they can expect nothing to their gain from parliaments and politicians. Direct action on the economic field is the dominant thought of international labor, a thought that has given rise to the new Syndicalism, which though yet in a formative and experimentive stage, is rapidly supplanting the old trade unionism with new tactics of industrial warfare.

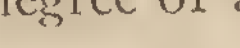
These new tactics are chiefly the sympathetic strike, the general strike, and sabotage. These weapons with which organized labor is learning to attack its enemy, capital, are not the weapons of peace but of force and violence. So we see that the character of the conflict between labor and capital is assuming more and more the aspect of real war. The outlook for the peaceable settlement of the industrial question was never less favorable.

Everything points to a coming crisis, the outcome of which will be an armed clash between the workers and their masters—a conflict in which the State will use its military arm against the workers. The final outcome will largely depend upon the education of the workers.

Constructive thinking must necessarily be the foundation for the success of destructive action, as evolution must precede revolution. Anarchism is the real constructive social philosophy of to-day. It represents both evolution and revolution. As revolutionary action inevitably follows the evolution of thought, so Anarchism, which is purely evolutionary in principle, methods and spirit, is none the less revolutionary in its consequences and inevitable effects.

The Anarchists view the class struggle as the great factor that is directing the trend of social progress. The issue involved in this class struggle is plainly the com-

plete subjection of labor or the utter destruction of the capitalist class as a class. Unless evolution and the rule that revolutions never go backwards, are myths, the final outcome must be the elimination of the capitalist class, and the restoration of capital itself to its producer and rightful owner, labor.



AN ANARCHIST IN THE MAKING

By Harry Kelly

I

ONE of the most interesting problems of life is to try and figure out why this or that person did this or that particular thing. This is what makes psychology so interesting and autobiography the most fascinating of studies. One great difficulty in the writing of feelings or experiences is the reconciling of truth with modesty; this may not be absolutely necessary; still, it is a point to be considered. To relate one's experiences without sacrificing the truth, or becoming a bore, requires a high degree of artistc effort. I can but try!

The winter of 1894 and '95 saw me living in Boston. An activity of some five or six years in the trade union movement in three large cities had given me some insight into labor conditions, and stimulated a vague revolutionary feeling. It must have been latent, for the great battles of Homestead and the railway strike at Chicago in '93 had created a feeling of exultation, without, however, any very definite understanding. Passing through Washington Street one evening, my attention was drawn to a common handbill fluttering from above a doorway. The heading was fairly prominent and the words "Anarchist Communist" stood out quite clearly. Reading further, it was seen that Charles W. Mowbray, an English Anarchist Communist, would speak that evening on his theory. A moment's hesitation; then—why not?

The meeting was interesting, novel and vital. The ideas were illuminating and the ease with which Mowbray bowled over his opponents and answered questions was brilliant and stimulating; so much so that it stirred

me to ask a question or two, and although not convinced by the answers, my self-assurance was considerably shaken. Several meetings followed in quick succession and all were attended, enthusiasm growing with each and a greater appreciation of the immense power behind the idea.

Looking back over the years long gone by, two things stand out with a vividness that seems most strange. First, that a simple handbill fluttering in the night air should be instrumental in changing the entire course of a man's life; and second, the absence of hero worship. Admiring much the skill with which Mowbray put forth his ideas, and his powers of oratory, it was the idea itself and not the man that made the impression and gripped me as it did. There was a vague feeling of truth and power behind or inherent in Anarchism, so effectually to dispose of the opposition. A friendship sprung up between Mowbray and myself, which was never broken, and notwithstanding that nearly ten years have passed since last we met, the kindly feeling on both sides has never been marred. Intense then as now—perhaps more *then* than now—it required but half-dozen meetings and the reading of several pamphlets to make me swallow hook, line and sinker, and jump into the Anarchist movement. After a short activity, London called. London, the Mecca of revolutionists, the home of many distinguished exiles. To see and hear Kropotkin, Malatesta, Louise Michel and others, at that time unknown to me even by name. There are but few books now on the subject of Anarchism in the English language; at that time there was none at all, so that my knowledge of the subject was based on the few lectures attended and the pamphlets read. I felt, however, as many others of my age have felt and feel, that my knowledge was tremendous. But conscious that many of the ideas of Anarchism corresponded with thoughts of my own, my thirst for knowledge was keen; not nearly so keen, it seems to me now, as the desire to see and know the great spirits Anarchism has produced.

A rate war favored my plans. The steamship companies had cut the steerage price from New York to London to $10.00 and so, with a ticket, $17.00 in cash,

several letters of introduction to comrades in London and a large stock of Anglo-Saxon assurance, I set forth.

The journey was uneventful, except that now all things were judged from the Anarchist standpoint. After four days of seasickness it became a matter of supreme indifference to me whether the ship went down or not. The steamer *Umbria* had miserable accommodations for the steerage passengers; the dining-tables were between the bunks, and with the majority of the men sick, the conditions can well be left to the imagination. A man occupying the bunk adjoining mine was a chronic sufferer from asthma, and what with his coughing, deep breathing and burning of sulphur to ease his cough, life was hardly a joy.

There is an insolence of youth that is hard to describe; a disregard for difficulties that makes one supremely confident and even scornful of obstacles that cause older people to falter. Notwithstanding that it was ten p. m. when my train arrived at Euston station, and knowing no one in London, it seemed quite the thing calmly to put my bag in the cloak-room, walk through the arch into the first hotel I saw, deposit some money and go to bed. The breakfast next morning was good, the coffee unusually so, perhaps because of the enforced fast on the steamer; so, after eating heartily, I set forth to see comrades. John Turner was the first, and the welcome extended put me at ease at once. After him came Frank Kitz, Alf. Marsh, and finally all the rest.

It was April and preparations were being made for the First of May demonstration in Hyde Park. The day came, and the meeting proved the largest I had ever seen. It was exhilarating: thousands of people crowded the park, and it was a joy to feel a oneness with that great crowd. To travel, to observe and learn, is a great thing. It broadens the mind to see and know there are other people besides those of one's native land, provided of course the meeting is on an equal footing; for as it brings knowledge, it brings a feeling of humility without humbleness. The three and a half months spent in England passed quickly; many friends were made and my stock of knowledge increased without my being altogether conscious of it, which was quite the best part.

Three weeks of the time were spent in Cornwall with an old uncle, and delightful weeks they were. Seaside places—however beautiful, and this one of the most beautiful in all England—are not suitable for young and ardent revolutionists, and most of it was lost on me. How often have I sighed for that Arcadia since! Americans have quite a reputation for ability in England; some of it undeserved, it seems to me. But thanks to this, it was an easy matter for me to get and hold a job at my trade in London during my stay there.

Returning to America after these few months, Mowbray and I began to plan a paper; and although neither had any money, the publication soon made its appearance. We got up a raffle and the two of us sold enough tickets among the trade unions to start the *Rebel*. Beginning with eight pages and cover, size 8½x11 inches, we increased it to twelve pages the second number. We got out six numbers in eight months, and when the burden became too heavy, we published two numbers of a little sheet called the *Match*. Egotists Mowbray and I were without doubt; but we had a sense of proportion regarding our editorial capabilities. John H. Edelman, of New York, was prevailed upon to write the "Notes and Comments," and Naham Berman passed upon and "englished" the copy—this notwithstanding that he was a Russian Jew. (What would we do without the Jews?) Edelman was one of the ablest men the American Anarchist movement has produced, and his "Notes" were good. Berman possessed intelligence and devotion of a high order, and was one of the best informed and widely read Anarchists it has been my good fortune to meet. A real scholar who loved knowledge for its own sake. Had he remained orthodox, he would have probably been a great Hebrew scholar. Voltairine de Cleyre called him a child of the twenty-fifth century. He and Edelman joined the great majority years ago, Berman having starved so long, his mind gave way—I drop a tear for both in passing. Berman had set type on the *Freiheit*, and was a painstaking if slow compositor. He set up the *Rebel*, I did the presswork, and we made a creditable production. The steel gray cover printed in bronze-blue ink gives me joy to this day. The financial support we got was not bad, but we had wine ideas on

a beer income, and when Berman left for New York to arrange meetings for John Turner, I had to give up. Turner's visit to America was the result of my trip to England, and it has always been a pleasure for me to remember how successful his seven-months' tour turned out to be.

It strikes me strange now to think that the publication of the *Match* was a joint effort of several well-known labor leaders, Mowbray and myself. Someone suggested the title, and three or four contributed articles. My duties consisted in publishing and printing the paper and raising the cash. The *Match* sputtered for two numbers and went out. The *Wanderlust* seized me shortly after this, and I left Boston for New York. Staying in New York for a few weeks, I went to Philadelphia for a short time, where Berman and I met and had some more mild adventures, which are not strictly a part of this paper. Hoboing our way from Philadelphia to St. Louis, we passed through Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Cincinnatti. I lectured on Anarchism in Baltimore and Pittsburgh, and the trip had joy and color in spite of the bleak January ride through the Alleghenies in a boxcar and an accident at Cincinnati. After remaining about two months in St. Louis, we went to Chicago, where I stayed about the same length of time. This was early in '97, and at the time when Nold and Bauer were released from prison at Pittsburgh. Berman and I separated, and never saw each other again. He remained in Chicago, while I went to Pittsburgh to work for the release of Alexander Berkman. A month's work there among the unions, and then on to New York to continue the work there. It was my intention to sail for England, but being prevailed upon by "E. G." and Brady, the Austrian, to remain and help them with the work for Berkman's release, I changed my plans and remained in New York all that year, leaving for England in January, 1898.

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ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

MY BELOVÈD

BY MABEL DODGE

I WENT from the house to seek out my belovèd.
All along in the street in the dusk I sought after him,
And soon I knew that he surely was near me
From the old immemorial thrill in my heart.

All along in the street dark shadows moved by me,
And among their dim shapes I eagerly sought him.
In my passing a blind old cripple caught at my heart,
And turning, I found in his eyes my belovèd.

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THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

BY HIPPOLYTE HAVEL

OF ALL the great Russian writers of the last century, none made so deep an impression upon his contemporaries as Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoievsky. His popularity was immense. When he died, forty thousand people followed his body to the grave. Turgeniev and Tolstoi had a great influence upon the artistic life of western Europe, but the most intellectual men of the time were fascinated by the brilliant genius of Dostoievsky. He is the father of the modern psychological novel. His influence one may detect in the works of all modern writers. Nietzsche calls him "my great master." And while the popularity of many of his contemporaries is to-day on the wane, Dostoievsky's fame is spreading from year to year, and his works find ever greater appreciation and understanding. The author who in his lifetime was labeled a Russian nationalist, even the apostle of Slavophilism, is now recognized as a cosmopolitan genius, the greatest analyst of the human soul.

To the English-reading public Dostoievsky has so far remained a sealed book. To be sure, many are acquainted with "Crime and Punishment" and the "Memoirs from a Dead House"; but only in abridged and mutilated translations. Few people in this country are familiar with Vizetelly's series of Russian authors in which appeared "Injury and Insult," "The Friend of the Family," "The

Idiot," "Poor Folks," "Uncle's Dream," and "The Permanent Husband." Like so many foreign writers, Dostoievsky suffers much at the hands of translators. The English rendering is far inferior to those in the German language. Some of his works have been so distorted that they read more like dime novels than like psychological masterpieces.

It is praiseworthy, therefore, on the part of the Macmillan Company to have started the publication of Dostoievsky's novels in their entirety, and it was a wise selection of the literary editor to choose "The Brothers Karamazov" as the first of the series. The novel, translated by Constance Garnett, appears in a complete, unabridged form.

If we consider that a translation of "The Brothers Karamazov" appeared in French as early as 1887 (the German translation even earlier), we see how long it takes the English-speaking public to get acquainted with the masterpieces of the world's literature. A synopsis of the novel was made for Pavel Orleneff several years ago by Miss Isabel Hapgood, and a French dramatization, made by J. Copeau and J. Croué appeared in 1911 *in L'Illustration Théatrale,* while the play was being produced at a Paris theatre. Dostoievsky planned "The Brothers Karamazov" when he lived in exile in Dresden, in the utmost misery, poverty, and sickness. The work was never finished. Dostoievsky intended to write a novel of five volumes, but only two were completed. In the latter half of 1880 when he worked on the novel he was, as his friend Strakhov informs us, entirely exhausted. "He lived, it was plain, solely on his nerves. His body had become so frail that the first slight blow might destroy it." Yet his mental power was untiring.

Is "The Brothers Karamazov" a great novel, a novel which can be compared with "War and Peace" or "Fathers and Sons"? Opinions of the work vary considerably. The best critics of Russian literature disgree in their estimation. K. Waliszewski in his "*Russian Literature*" characterizes the novel as a "most invaluable treasury of information concerning the contemporary life of Russia, moral, intellectual, and social." Dmitri Mereshkovski, in his essays on "Tolstoi and Dostoievsky as Artists," says that "there is no doubt that 'The

Brothers Karamazov' is one of the greatest creations of Dostoievsky, unlike anything else in the world's literature, a creation that has its roots in the inmost recesses of his consciousness and of his unconsciousness."

On the other hand, Peter Kropotkin in his "Russian Literature" finds the novel "so unnatural, so much fabricated for the purpose of introducing—here a bit of morals, there some abominable character taken from a psychopathic hospital, or again in order to analyze the feelings of some purely imaginary criminal, that a few good pages scattered here and there do not compensate the reader for the hard task of reading these two volumes." Melchier de Vogüé agrees with Kropotkin. In his "Russian Novelists" he finds many parts of the work "intolerably tedious. The plot amounts to nothing but a framework upon which to hang all the author's favorite theories, and display every type of his eccentric fancy."

How can we reconcile such diverse opinions, such diametrically opposed views? Is it overvaluation or underestimation; prejudice in favor of or against the author?

To me the criterion is simply this: does the book give one new values, a new view of life, does it disturb one's soul to the utmost depth? If it succeed in accomplishing this, it is a great book. I am convinced that the brothers Karamazov are a part of every one of us; we all are more or less either an Alyosha or Dmitri, an Ivan or a Smerdyakov. The brothers Karamazov live not only in Russia, but everywhere; we find them in every country, in every station of society. Their portrayal by Dostoievsky is true and lifelike.

In making comparison between the art of Tolstoi and that of the author of "The Brothers Karamazov," Mereshkovski expresses the opinion that Dostoievsky has no rival in the art of gradual tension, accumulation, increase, and alarming concentration of dramatic power. No doubt this characterization of Dostoievsky's art is correct. The boundless picture which is enfolded in "The Brothers' Karamazov" is condensed, if we do not count the intervals between the acts, into a few days. But even in one day, in one hour, and that almost on one and the same spot, the characters of the novel pass through experiences which ordinary mortals do not taste

in a lifetime. Dostoievsky has no need to describe the appearance of his characters, for by their peculiar form of language and tone of voice they themselves depict, not only their thoughts and feelings, but their faces and bodies.

When the elder Karamazov, suddenly getting quite animated, addresses his sons thus: "Ah, you boys! You children, little sucking pigs, to my thinking. . . . I never thought a woman ugly in my life—that's been my rule! Can you understand that? How could you understand it? You've milk in your veins, not blood. You're not out of your shells yet. My rule has been that you can always find something devilishly interesting in every woman that you wouldn't find in any other. Only, one must know how to find it, that's the point! That's a talent! To my mind there are no ugly women. The very fact that she is a woman is half the battle . . . but how could you understand that? Even in *vielles filles,* even in them you may discover something that makes you simply wonder that men have been such fools as to let them grow old without noticing them. Barefooted girls or unattractive ones, you must take them by surprise. Didn't you know that? You must astound them till they're fascinated, upset, ashamed that such a gentleman should fall in love with such a little slut. It's a jolly good thing that there always are and will be masters and slaves in the world, so there always will be a little maid-of-all and her master, and you know that's all that's needed for happiness." We see the heart of the old man, and also his fat, shaking Adam's apple, and his moist, thin lips; the tiny, shamelessly piercing eyes, and his whole savage figure—the figure of an old Roman of the times of the decadence. When we learn that on a packet of money, sealed and tied with ribbon, there was also written in his own hand, "To my angel Grushenka, if she will come to me," and that three days later he added "for my little chicken," he suddenly stands before us alive. We could not explain how, or why, but we feel that in this belated "for my little chicken" we have caught some subtle, sensual wrinkle on his face. It is just that last little touch which makes the portrait so lifelike, as if the painter, going beyond the bounds of his art, had created a portrait which is ever on the point

of stirring and coming out of the frame like a spectre or a ghost.

The wonderful portrait of the Grand Inquisitor will ever live in the world's literature. What a portrait!—Jesus appears again on earth at the time when heretics are daily being burned at the stake; he is recognized by the people—a deep offence to the Grand Inquisitor, who has Jesus arrested and brought before him. The admonition the Grand Inquisitor gives to Jesus is penetrating. Why has he come back to disturb the peace and the rule of the Church? "It is Thou? Thou? Don't answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know too well what Thou wouldst say. And Thou hast no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, art Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be to-morrow? I know not who Thou art and care not to know whether it is Thou or only a semblance of Him, but to-morrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have to-day kissed Thy feet, to-morrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire. Knowest Thou that?" The whole monologue of the Grand Inquisitor should be reprinted for the edification of the Church.

After all, the question whether "The Brothers Karamazov" is a masterpiece or whether it belongs to morbid literature, stands and falls with the attitude one takes toward Dostoievsky himself, his life and his philosophy. Estimates of "The Brothers Karamazov" differ as fundamentally as opinions concerning Dostoievsky. Neither the judgment of the Englishman A. T. Lloyd, or of the German Julius Bierbaum, of the Frenchman André Gide, or the valuation of that universal connoisseur of literature, George Brandes—not to speak of the Russian critics—will help one to form a true estimate of Dostoievsky. The problem is the same as with Schopenhauer. Those who understand and accept Schopenhauer will also understand and accept Dostoievsky. To be sure, as it would be as inappropriate to compare the political views of Schopenhauer with those of a Metternich, as to draw a parallel between the philosophy of Dostoievsky with

the opinions of the Slavophiles Shterbatov, Kirejevsky, Tchomykov, or the brothers Aksakov.

Dostoievsky was considered a nationalist in the narrowest and most anti-European sense; in reality he was a cosmopolitan in the broadest conception. Throughout his life he preserved his feeling for universal culture ("omni-human" culture, he called it), the capacity to feel at home everywhere, to live the vital ideas of all ages and peoples. True, he believed the Russian genius to be more universal in its assimilative capacity, and therefore superior to the genius of other nations, but in this respect Mereshkovski says, "He, being next to Pushkin, the most Russian of Russian authors, was at the same time the greatest of our cosmopolitans."

Primarily he was, as no other writer before or since, the poet of the humiliated and the oppressed. He knew the people, felt and suffered with them. In his essay on the bourgeoisie, wherein he flays the superficial rationalism and the false sentiments of the middle class, he writes: "The theorists, burying themselves in their doctrinaire wisdom, not only fail to understand the people, but even despise them; not, be it understood, with evil intention, but almost instinctively. We are convinced that even the most intelligent among them believes that when occasion offered he would only have to talk ten minutes with the people in order to understand them thoroughly, while the people might probably not even be listening to what he was talking about."

Born in poverty, he died in poverty. The spirit of ownership, of detachment from the great mass of one's fellows seemed to Dostoievsky the supreme sin. In his material and mental suffering he reminds one of another great analyst of the human soul, the Dutch writer Douvers Deckker-Multatuli.

* * *

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

TORTURE IN SIBERIAN PRISONS

(*From an underground letter of a Russian Revolutionist sentenced to fifteen years Katorga (hard labor) for disarming a Russian police officer who was on the point of shooting into a peaceful meeting of workers.*)

DEAR J—:

. . . It is almost five years now since I am a prisoner. But only three years of my sentence are served. The two years of my preliminary detention, before my trial, will not count. . . . For four months I had no word from you, dear friend. Are my letters detained, or yours? Four long months of silence. And you . . . you may be now sitting somewhere beneath the trees, amidst nature, admiring its beauty. You feast your eyes upon the grass, the flowers; you hear the sweet song of birds, the voice of the free ocean—and for me nothing but the gray walls, the continuous rattle of the chains, the terrible coughing of comrades in misery, the curses of the guards. These four months seemed to me unbearably long, tedious. Especially since I accidentally learned that there is a great strike in England and a war in the Balkans. The world is full of struggle, and I am doomed to be inactive, helpless . . . Every bit of news from the living world is precious to me. That is why I beg of you, dear J—, write me often. . . .

When we arrived in Moscow, they changed our clothes for "the governmentals," and we were put all together into the quarantine cell, for fourteen days. Then we were separated. I happened to be together with Klintsis and Semeon. We were put into a cell with twenty-five other prisoners. Only four of them were politicals: a sailor, a teacher and two workingmen. The others were ordinary prisoners, and I soon learned that some of them were called "Ivans" and that they were the chiefs in the cell, veritable tyrants whom the rest were supposed to obey in everything. Neither I nor my comrades liked this arrangement, and we decided to fight against any violence or insult being offered us by the "Ivans." The next day we had trouble with them because we insisted on the equal distribution of the fresh bread and portions of meat. With difficulty we established order. A week later we received—for the first and perhaps for the last

time—$4.00 from the Red Cross. We hid the money, intending to get some necessary things the next day. But oh! The money was stolen during the night. Suspicion fell on one of the "Ivans." We began to question him. A fight started, in which the overseer interfered. The result was: two were put for seven days in Kartser (dungeon). After serving his term in Kartser, "Ivan" was sent to another cell. The rest, seeing that there is no joking with us, grew quiet. There was friction, but no fights It was possible to live; only the fetters interfered in the beginning and especially they hurt at the sides, where like snakes they wind around my bare legs. . . .

In the beginning of the year 1910 a new manager (Druzhinin) was appointed. He introduced new rules and laws. The régime grew stricter and stricter every day. All the rights we had were taken away from us. We used to be allowed to write letters twice a month. When he assumed office, Druzhinin allowed us to write only once a month, and that to relatives only. Our position grew worse from day to day. It continued till we started to fight. Blood was shed. . . . Searches were made every day. The Kartsers were overfilled. Here and there all the occupants of a cell were punished by being put on the Kartser system: bread and water, no hot food, no exercise; sleep on the bare asphalt floor. . . . For the least offence, Kartser, flogging. If they'd only flog—but after fifty to eighty blows on the bloody back, if you are still conscious, you must say, "Thank you." . . . Rage and pity, but nothing could be done. Nothing pierced the gray walls. . . . Many died; some committed suicide; some were crippled and slain. . . . As long as you could stand up, they refused to take you to the hospital. Stenka and Skuja died after three days in the hospital. Life was insupportable. . . . It lasted till January 22, 1911. Then there was rebellion. Four overseers were killed; two were wounded. Druzhinin was promoted to be manager of the Kitchens, and we began to breathe more freely. . . . In Orloff conditions are even worse. The cells are so overfilled that there is no room to sleep. In a cell 14 feet long and 7 feet wide are locked up thirty-six men, among whom are a number of consumptives and syphilitics. . . . Must close. No more paper.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S TOUR

KANSAS CITY, Mo., at Commercial Travelers' Hall, 12th and Central.

Sunday, April 13th, 3 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Sunday, April 13th, 8 P. M.
THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY.

Monday, April 14th, 8 P. M.
DAMAGED GOODS. A powerful drama by Brieux dealing with the scourge of venereal disease.

Tuesday, April 15th, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM—THE MODERN MENACE TO CAPITALISM.

Wednesday, April 16th, 8 P. M.
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

Tickets on sale and circulars for distribution at the office of Dr. O. B. True, Room 2, 1209 Grand Ave.

Admission to all lectures, 25 cents.

Arrangements are being made for a course of four lectures on the drama. The place will be announced later.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas.
April 18th and 19th.

LAWRENCE, Kansas.
April 20th, two meetings.

TOPEKA, Kansas, at K. of P. Hall, Sixth and Quincy.
Monday, April 21st, 8 P. M.
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.
Tuesday, April 22d, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM, THE STRONGEST WEAPON OF LABOR. A discussion of direct action, sabotage and the general strike.

Admission 25 cents.

DENVER, Colo.

Friday, April 25th, 8 P. M., in Howe Hall.
Saturday, April 26th, 8 P. M., in Normal Hall.
Sunday, April 27th, 3 P. M., in Normal Hall.
Sunday, April 27th, 8 P. M., in Howe Hall.
Monday, April 28th, 8 P. M., in Howe Hall.
Tuesday, April 29th, 8 P. M., in Howe Hall.
Wednesday, April 30th, 8 P. M., in Howe Hall.

Admission 25 cents.

April 25th, 5 P. M., Emma Goldman will begin a course of six afternoon lectures on FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, to be held at the Woman's Club, every day except Sunday, until Thursday, May 1st. Course tickets, including subscription to MOTHER EARTH, $3.00; single admission 50 cents. Tickets for the course and evening lectures are on sale at Miss May Court-

ney's, 617 Fourteenth Street. Announcements and all other information may be obtained there. There is a possibility that Comrade Goldman may remain in Denver for the week of May 1st—8th, when she will give, at popular prices in the *evening*, the afternoon drama talks delivered during her last visit.

After Denver, Los Angeles will be the next stop, lectures beginning May 11th, 3 P. M., at Mammoth Hall, and continuing all that week.

For the next three weeks our comrade can be reached in care of May Courtney, 617 Fourteenth Street, Denver, Colo.

A *TIMELY* PAMPHLET

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By

PETER KROPOTKIN

THE author explains the main purpose of his study of the French Revolution, emphasizing the great part played in the struggle by the "people," that is to say, the people of the lower stratum which might in the history of time be classed as the "Fourth Estate." He points out that the historians of the period have very largely overlooked or neglected this phase of the causation of events. He traces back the events in later revolutions, more particularly of that in 1848 and in the present more-or-less piecemeal attempts made by the "Fourth Estate" to secure recognition, if not control, to the work done by the leaders of the populace in France in 1783-9. He has thought it worth while to bring into his special study an outline of the general events of the Revolution, in the belief that a number of the readers of his book will not have read any other of the histories.

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